

## Twilight On The Trail

Perry Como

When it's twilight on the trail,  
And I jog along,  
The world is like a dream  
And the ripple of the stream is my song . . .

When it's twilight on the trail,  
And I rest once more,  
My ceiling is the sky  
And the grass on which I lie is my floor . . .

Never ever have a nickel in my jeans,  
Never ever have a debt to pay,  
Still I understand what real contentment means,  
Guess I was born that way . . .

When it's twilight on the trail,  
And my voice is still,  
Please plant this heart of mine  
Underneath the lonesome pine on the hill . . .

(Underneath the lonesome pine on the hill . . .)  
When it's twilight on the trail . . .